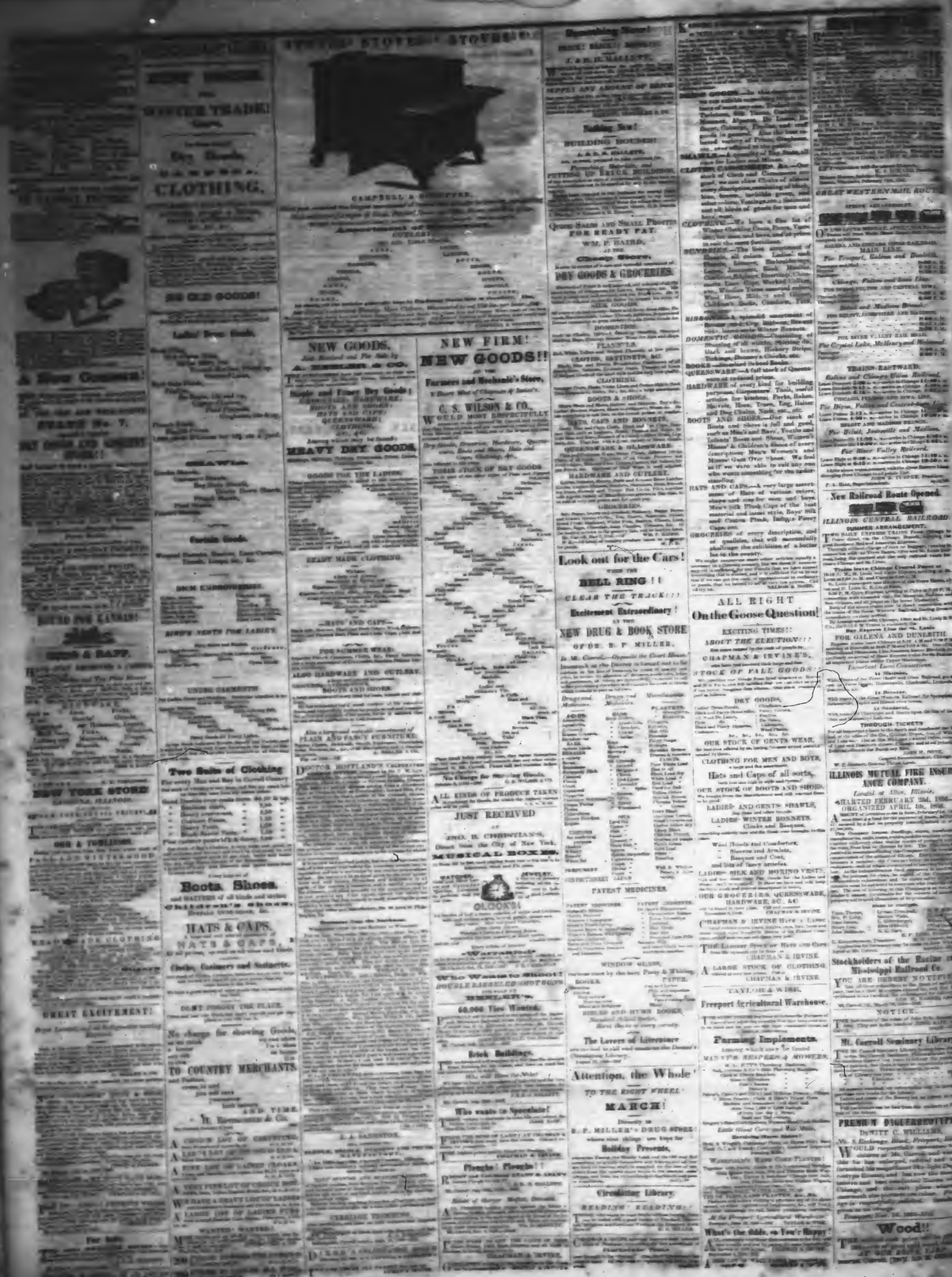

The Carroll County Republican.

VOLUME 6. MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1867.

THE REPUBLICAN,
Published Weekly, at Miller's Block,
by E. & D. EMMERT.

Business Directory.

HOSTETTER, REIST & CO.
A. H. LECHTY, Dealer in Dorsey, Mitchell & Co's
MT. CAR. OIL FOUNDRY.—Thos. L.
BANK OF DEPOSITE.—MOSES
Dr. S. H. HARRELD, (late of Pitt.
EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE
JOHN K. BREWSTER & CO. Wholesale
GEO. W. HARRIS, JUSTICE OF THE
T. [illegible]
J. DUFF, ATTORNEY AND COUN-
JENKS HOUSE, SAVANNA, Ill.—
E. M. SEAMAN, M. D. HOMŒPATHIC
DR. B. F. MILLER, HAVING PUR-
VOLNEY ARMOUR, CLERK OF SUP-
JOHN WILSON, ATTORNEY AND
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.
CHAPMAN & IRVINE, Dealers in Dry
JOHNSTON & CHURCHILL, Millers
GORTON, Watchmaker and Jeweler.
W. P. HUNT & CO., FREEPORT, Ill.
TAYLOR & BURR, Successors to D.
JOSEPH DERRELL, Pr. EDGE, Ill.
L. G. HALE, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.
H. D. SMITH, FREEPORT, Illinois.
J. DEPUY, SAVANNA, ILLINOIS.
DR. B. F. MILLER, HAVING PUR-
DeWITT C. WILLIAMS,
Mr. S. Savage Island, Freeport, Illinois
PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES!
DeWITT C. WILLIAMS,
Mr. S. Savage Island, Freeport, Illinois
TAILOR SHOP.—FRANCIS DEU

Poetry.

TACT.

SONNET.

Miscellaneous.

The Reward of Merit.

A TRUE RATE LOVE STORY.

TIE.

BY E. P. TAYLOR.

Narrow Escape from Strangers.

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

New Railroad Route Opened.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Insurance.

ILLINOIS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Located at Mt. Carroll, Illinois.
CHARTED FEBRUARY 22d, 1866.
ORGANIZED APRIL 1st, 1867.

Notice.

Special Notices.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY NOTICE.

MARRIED.

DIED.

New Advertisements.

SOUTH HILL & CO. COLUMN.

Daily Arrival of New Goods.

ANTONIN EVERY BODY.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE!

Call before Purchasing Elsewhere.

DON'T FORGET!

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

NEW STYLES FOR SPRING OF 1857.

SYLVAN LODGE.

CYRUS LODGE, No. 198.

ESSANA LODGE, NO. 91 I. O. O. F.

CLEMOIL LODGE, NO. 99 I. O. O. F.

MT. CARROLL MARKET.

FREEPORT MARKET.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

The State of Clothing

For every Man and Boy in Carroll County

FOR SALE—EIGHTY ACRES OF

LOST REGISTER!

IF YOU WANT A GOOD SHOVE

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED

FOR SALE.

STRAYED

DO YOU WANT TO HAVE A SURE

FARMERS OF CARROLL COUNTY.

Farmers Prepare for Harvest!

145 FIRST PREMIUMS

NEW ARRANGEMENT

Mowing's combined Reaper for flat purposes

WE WOULD REMIND our Friends

Mowing's combined Mower.

AUTUMN AUTOMATON

Or, Boy Raking Hay and Mower

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.

Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements

Rockford, Illinois.

A FARM FOR SALE.

A VERY DESIRABLE FARM, ABOUT SIX

A LOT AND A NICE LITTLE FARM OF

A GOOD CHANCE to Buyers.

TWO FINE CUTTERS and Lines Remembered

A LOT OF ACRES OF TIMBER

A GOOD BARGAIN WILL BE GIVEN

A LOT AND A SMALL FARM of the ACRES

I WILL SELL 50 ACRES OF Improved

A LOT OF Lots well fenced, 2 miles south

A SPRING MACHINE, a Second Hand

CORN PLANTER—WARRANTED

SOWING MACHINE, Second Hand

CORN SHELLERS TO SALE

Farmers Prepare for Harvest!

145 FIRST PREMIUMS

NEW ARRANGEMENT

PLASTERING HAIR FOR SALE

BOLTING A THOUSAND FLOWERS

TWO LOTS SELECTED—A couple more

AUTUMN AUTOMATON

Or, Boy Raking Hay and Mower

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.

Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements

Rockford, Illinois.

LUMBER, First Quality Clear White

FLOORING EXTRACTS, First Quality

A SMALLER per 1000, rough and

BIRD SEED, Canary, Hemp and

SHOULDER BRACES, for Farmers

PURE COD LIVER OIL for sale at

PLASTERING HAIR FOR SALE

BOLTING A THOUSAND FLOWERS

TWO LOTS SELECTED—A couple more

AUTUMN AUTOMATON

Or, Boy Raking Hay and Mower

J. H. WILLIAMS & CO.

Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements

Rockford, Illinois.

ALL KINDS OF WHITE GOODS

OUR STOCK OF DRESSES

WE HAVE A SMALL LOT OF LADIES

A LARGE LOT OF LADIES FURS

WANTED! WANTED!

200 TUBS 3m FOTOMATOR CORDED

200 CHESTS 3m LAYERS, ALL WOOL

TWO GOOD HOUSES FOR SALE

FOR SALE—THE GOOD HOUSE

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The store

NEW LUMBER YARD!

NOTICE.

WE WILL FURNISH YOU OUT FOR

TAILORING, SCHERETT & MOORE

TAKE NOTICE

A CHOICE LOT OF CREPETTS

A LARGE LOT OF HOSIERY AND

A FINE LOT OF LADIES CLOAKS

A VERY FINE LOT OF GOODS JUST

WE HAVE A SMALL LOT OF LADIES

A LARGE LOT OF LADIES FURS

WANTED! WANTED!

200 TUBS 3m FOTOMATOR CORDED

200 CHESTS 3m LAYERS, ALL WOOL

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FOR SALE OR RENT.—The store

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NOTICE.

WE WILL FURNISH YOU OUT FOR

TAILORING, SCHERETT & MOORE

TAKE NOTICE

J. W. LEWIS, S. CO.

WANTED—A number of Apprentices

TO SARAH FRIDLEY, Andover Ohio

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

FOR SALE—THE GOOD HOUSE

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The store

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NOTICE.

WE WILL FURNISH YOU OUT FOR

TAILORING, SCHERETT & MOORE

TAKE NOTICE

J. L. STEWART'S GROCERY

L. STEWART'S GROCERY

The Carroll County Republican

VOLUME 6. — MT. CARROLL, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1857.

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LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE Agency. [illegible] Office, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

HOSTETTER, REIST & CO., EXCHANGE BANK & COLLECTION OFFICE. [illegible]

D. H. WHEELER, [illegible] Carroll County, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. [illegible]

MT. CARROLL FOUNDRY.—[illegible]

A. H. LICHTY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, [illegible]

EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE [illegible]

BANK OF DEPOSITE.—MONEY [illegible] S. HALDERMAN, Treasurer.

DR. N. H. MARSELIS, (late of Portland) [illegible]

JOHN K. BREWSTER & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods [illegible]

GEO. W. HARRIS, JUSTICE OF THE Peace and Notary Public, [illegible] Office in the Post Office, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

THE EXCHANGE SALOON, corner of [illegible]

J. LUCY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at Law. Office on the second floor of Miller's Block, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

JENKS HOUSE, SAVANNA ILL.—C. W. Pelham, Proprietor. [illegible]

VOLNEY ARMOUR, CLERK of the Circuit Court, General Land and Collecting Agent, Mt. Carroll, Illinois. [illegible] Office in Court House.

JOHN WILSON, ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law, Solicitor in chancery, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, [illegible] Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

E. M. McAFEE, M. D., HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. [illegible]

DR. B. P. MILLER, HAVING PERMANENTLY located himself in the village of Mt. Carroll, [illegible]

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.—[illegible] JOHN R. CHRISTIAN.

CHAPMAN & IRVINE, (corner of Main and Market streets,) Mt. Carroll, Illinois, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready Made Clothing, [illegible]

JOHNSON & CHUBBUCK, [illegible]

G. G. NORTON, Wholesale and Retail [illegible]

W. P. HUNT & CO., FREEPORT, ILL. [illegible]

TAYLOR & RUBEL, Stephenson st., Freeport. [illegible]

LOUIS E. BURRELL, FREEPORT, Ill. [illegible]

L. G. HALE, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS [illegible]

D. SMITH, FREEPORT, Illinois [illegible]

[illegible] SAVANNA, ILLINOIS [illegible]

TAILOR SHOP.—FRANZ & [illegible]

Poetry.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Ledger.

Adventure with Alligators.

BY COL. WALTER F. DUNLAP.

After dinner, I carefully removed the skin from the body of my flamingo, and having set it for drying, by drawing it in shape over a frame, I went out to see the negroes hoe cotton. In the evening, after the tea-service had been removed, we put Uncle Abner in mind of the story he promised to tell us.

'O—yes,' said he, removing the pipe from his mouth. 'You mean my adventure in the swamp.'

I told him that was it, and after he had laid away his pipe, and placed a moderate sized piece of tobacco in his cheek he commenced as follows:—

'I've lived on this place a-going on to ten years. I came up here from New Orleans, and found this plantation going to rack and ruin, as fast as possible. The man that owned it, thought more of his whiskey-bottle, than he did of his fields, and the consequence was, that his place was not only heavily mortgaged, but nearly the whole of his growing crops were sold in advance. Some of the heaviest creditors wanted me to buy.—While we were considering upon the subject, the owner died. He fell from his horse while drunk, and broke his neck. As this incumbrance was removed, I felt sure of safe possession, and made an offer, which was finally taken up. I got a cheap place. The negroes were worth more than I paid for the whole. But I wouldn't pay only so much; and I wouldn't take one negro without I could have the whole; for I wouldn't have the old family separated.

'Well—I bought and settled down here. But you ought to have seen and heard Mammy when I first brought her up here. She declared by all that was good, that she wouldn't stay in such a place.'

'I only just wish you could 'a seen the place when we first come on to it,' interposed the good dame. 'My sakes alive! Such another lookin' hole you never did see.'

'Why—Mammy!'

'You know 'twas!' persisted the matron.

'Ah—Mammy! You mustn't say so.—You know 'twas a palace—a perfect paradise.'

'Abner Smith, you know better. It wasn't no such thing. You are only plaguing me.'

'Tut, tut, Mammy,—don't you remember how you said you never saw such a beautiful place?'

'Why—Abner Smith! You—you know better. But don't you believe him, (to us.) He's only tryin' to pester me.'

Thus speaking, Mammy settled down behind her spectacles, wiped her nose, and with a sort of nervous shake of the head, resumed her knitting. She could not give up her knitting-needles. So much of old New England she stuck to persistently, and much more, too,—Aye—the inside of her 'kitchen,' as she invariably called her dining-room,—was Yankee throughout, when she could manage to banish the half-score of little wool heads that generally hung about her after bits of cake and sweetmeats. Uncle Abner laughed at his wife's simple earnestness, and then proceeded,—

'Mammy's right about the looks of the place when we came, for—'

'There—O, what a man!'

'—, the poor fellow who had owned the numerous whiskey jugs we found scattered about, had thought of nothing but getting money enough to carry him to and from the tavern at Shreveport.

'Howsomever, that has little to do with my story; only I wanted ye to know how long I'd been here. I got settled down just nine years ago last spring. Along in August I took a notion one day to take a tramp in the swamp. My boys had told me there were plenty of ducks about there, though I afterwards found they were mistaken in one particular. There were ducks in the colder seasons, but I have seldom seen them here in the heat of summer.

'Howsomever—I owned some two hundred acres of that swamp, and I meant to see what 'twas made of. The boys were all busy, and I started off alone, only meaning to take a turn in by the lake, and find out what kind of timber I'd got there. I took my rifle and with my old dog of course accompanying me.

'I entered the swamp half-a-mile below where the colonel went in, and found it very decent travelling until I got in beyond the point of the great lake. Here the way became more difficult, there being great tracts of soft mud, overgrown with grass, besides many bogs and pools. I found the timber to consist mostly of willow, honey-locust, cotton-wood, paw-paw, and buckeye, with any quantity of wild vines and creepers.

'I knew there was an immense bayou out far in, and this I wanted to find, so I looked sharp and pushed on. At the end of an hour I found the object of my search. I reached the shore of the bayou by a sort of natural causeway formed by the trunks of trees which must have been gathering sward there for ages. I stood and gazed off upon the dark, dismal looking water, and made up my mind that I'd have a boat as soon as possible and then explore this vast solitude of forest too.

'Birds were plenty there. They flew about in all directions, and so near me did they come, that I caught several with my hand, and after examining their plumage, I let them go again. But pretty soon I saw something else besides birds. A motion of the water close by where I stood attracted my attention, and upon turning my eyes that way, I saw a huge alligator come up and place his fore feet upon the bank. He saw me, and stopped; but he did not retreat at once. He turned his ugly head towards me, and reached further up on the bank, as tho' he would see what manner of thing I was. My dog barked and howled, but showed no disposition to attack the monstrous reptile there. But had the fellow been on dry land, old Tiger would have given him battle. The dog—we called him Tige—or Tiger—was a cross between the English bull, and the large mastiff—not full-blooded, howsomever—so his father was a cross between the bull dog and the regular New-foundland. So you can imagine something of his size and strength. He was really a magnificent dog, and I don't stretch the point a bit when I say, that could a hundred dollars bring him back to me now, as he was then, I would pay it in an instant.'

'Poor old Tige!' uttered the dame, fervently.

'Aye,' responded the old man, in the same tone—Poor old Tige! But he's gone.'

'I watched the alligator a few moments, and then I aimed at his eye and fired.—He slid back into the water, and, I tell ye, for a while there was considerable of kick-up in that neighborhood. In less than a minute there were a dozen alligators flying about there, and I supposed they were going to make a meal from their unfortunate companion.

'By and by the monsters saw me, and came towards me; and three of them started directly up the bank at my feet. One thing was certain:—They weren't afraid of me; and I wondered if they wouldn't like a meal of my flesh. One of the fellows that had started up the bank—a very large one, certainly eighteen feet long—was coming towards me without any hesitation. I had reloaded my rifle, and with a quick aim I destroyed his left eye. He fell back, and the other two quickly followed him.

'I had frightened the alligators for the moment, but I knew enough of their habits to know that they would very soon come back; so I thought I had better be moving out of that. I withdrew a short distance and reloaded my rifle, and then started on. My intention was to go back by the same way I had come, but I missed it, and came out in another place.—Yet I knew my course—or, I supposed I did—and kept on. Ere long I came in sight of water again. It was a point of the great bayou. I stopped a moment to consider, and then struck across into a narrow opening towards the extreme point of the water.

'I had come to within a few yards of the shore, when I was stopped by a narrow strip of shallow, muddy water. It was not over five feet wide, and upon the opposite side, the grass grew tall and rank. I could leap it easily, and I gave the spring. I touched the grass—I touched the sward—I touched a very soft spot. I was in the mud to my knees! I attempted to raise one foot—the other settled!—I attempted to raise that one, and the first one settled. I was now in to the thighs! I laid my gun across the sward, and attempted to raise myself that way. But 'twas of no use. The more I struggled, the deeper I sank!

'Down—down—down, I went, until finally I had settled in up to my arm-pits! Oh! my Heaven! You can have no idea of how I felt at that moment. That I should ever get out of that mud appeared impossible. I dared to move my feet no more, for I could feel that there was yet soft mud beneath them. Of course my arms helped hold me up, but they would not do so if I should draw my body down by attempting to draw one of my feet up. I thought of my dog. Could I not pull myself up by him. He came at my call, and immediately tried to draw me out by seizing my frock in his teeth; but his own feet sank in, and he relinquished the task. I at length succeeded in getting him in front of me; but as I commenced to bear my weight upon him, and he found himself sinking, he sprang away, and once more made a fruitless attempt to get me free.

'Now can you imagine my situation? Just think of it: My arm-pits rested upon the sward, and I could feel that I was slowly, yet surely, settling further and further! There was an oppression about my heart, and my lungs could not move freely. My breath came hard, and I had every reason to believe that ere long it would be gone forever! I had torn up all the grass within reach of my vain struggles.

'Thus was I situated, when a new object of terror presented itself. I saw a shadow upon my right hand, and upon turning that way I beheld the head and shoulders of an enormous alligator! He saw me in an instant, and came quickly up the bank. I knew at once that he meant to attack me. My rifle was well bedaubed with mud, but the priming was dry. The monster came straight on, and the sluggish movement of the hot heavy air, was enough to bring to my nostrils the strong, rank, musky odor of the foul reptile.

'As soon as I could fairly collect my energies I levelled my piece and fired. I think the ball entered his mouth, which was partly open. At any rate he turned as quickly as he could and lumbered back to the water. I heard his heavy plash, and saw my dog spring to the bank and bark. I now saw what had drawn the alligator up. It was the dog. He had been frisking about, crying out with pain and fear on my behalf, and the horrid creature had seen and scented him. If this were so, then might not Tiger's barking draw up more? I tried to call him back. He would come and gaze into my face a moment, and then rush back again.

'Presently I saw him start back, and utter a quick yell. My heart sank within me, for I knew another alligator was coming! And so it proved! Tiger slowly retreated, yelping as he did so; and pretty soon the great ugly head appeared above the edge of the bank. This one was larger than the other. He was all of eighteen feet long! He stopped a few moments after he gained the bank, and turned his long, horrid snout towards me. Then he looked at the dog, which stood at a safe distance barking furiously, and then turned his gaze once more upon me, and began to advance.

'I clubbed my rifle, and as he came near, I brought it down upon the top of his head, breaking the stock short off!—He drew back, and at the same time opened his mouth, and then shut it with a crash.

'I noticed one thing, and that was that the alligator did not yet sink into the mud. His fore feet were some two yards from me; so I saw that at that distance the sward was tough enough to bear my weight.

'But I hadn't much time for study or reflection. The monster was approaching me again. I had raised the barrel of my rifle to give him another blow, when old Tiger sprang upon him. Under other circumstances the dog would not have ventured thus; but to save me, he forgot himself. The alligator gave one snap of his teeth, and the dog sprang towards his tail. In another instant the tail was raised and quick as thought it came down upon Tiger's devoted back. He gave one sharp piteous howl; and as he struggled in the mud with his spine broken, the monster turned, and seizing him in his huge jaws, made off into the bayou!

'I heard the last stifled groan of my dog, and for a few moments I forgot my own danger. Poor old Tiger! He had been my almost constant companion for years, and to see him die thus, in his efforts to save me, was painful indeed.—And after he had gone I reflected upon the use I might have made of him had I only thought of it in season. I could easily have sent him home; and of course when once there, he would have drawn some of the household out. But 'twas too late to think of that now. He was gone, and I was left alone. But I was not to be left alone a great while.

'During the presence of the last alligator I had been slowly sinking deeper into the mud! My shoulders were now just above the surface—the mud was almost up to my collar-bone. Oh! my soul! my soul! how I yelled and groaned! I shouted with all my might—I groaned in agony the most torturing—and then I cried like a child! I clasped my hands, and called out to God for help! What a death! What a death for a stout, strong, healthy man! To be strangled in that mud—to gradually sink—sink—sink—to the chin—to the lips—to the nose—the neck stretched, and the eyes glaring—the nostrils finally submerged—and the death-struggle commenced while yet the eyes could drink in the scene! I might tear away the mud with my hands for the while, but 'twould only be to prolong my agony.

'Under the fearful impulse of such thoughts I involuntarily made one more struggle. The only result was to draw me deeper into the mud!

'Just as I stopped my worse than vain efforts, and my voice had failed me from exhaustion of the lungs, I saw another alligator coming up over the bank. It was not the one which had taken the dog. It was, if anything, a larger one. He came fully up ere he stopped to take an observation. He hesitated but a moment, however. He seemed to see that my head and shoulders offered something that would suit his palate, and he moved towards me.

'I had seen, from the tracks of the dog, and the movements of the second alligator, that at a distance of four feet from me, towards the shore, there was a firm footing. I had evidently sunk into a sort of mud-pot which made out from the narrow strip of water over which I had leaped.

'As I saw the monster start towards me I thought of my rifle-barrel. I looked for it, but 'twas lost in the mud. On the next instant I thought of my knife. It was at my left side, and I knew it could not be very deep down, as the sheath hung loosely upon my belt. I plunged my left hand down, and reached it. It was a large hunting-knife, with a buckhorn handle, and very strong and sharp. I had heard of the way the African savages sometimes killed crocodiles, by covering the arm with thick leather, and then forcing a knife down the capacious throat of the victim.

'So I seized my knife in my right hand, and prepared for the meeting. My arm was free, as I had made quite a hollow in the mud below the shoulder. It was not even a case of life or death with me then. It was simply a choice of deaths. Whether I would sink to my own grave in the bosom of the swamp, or be made the food of an alligator. So I had no fear of my enemy above the mere horror of being eaten up. As he came nearer he found that the ground was soft, but he worked his way along; for even though his legs should sink down, his huge belly would offer a resistance sufficient to prevent his legs from sinking further.

'At length his snout was close upon me, and his mouth was open. He struggled forward still further, his fore feet being now in the mud, but still serviceable. He dropped his lower jaw—his mouth was fairly yawning—his terrible teeth gleamed like so many spikes—and he was ready to bite. With a quick movement I thrust the knife deep into his open mouth, striking the center of the lower jaw beyond the tongue. He closed it and started back. Oh, he closed it all he could. The knife was nearly perpendicular, and as the handle came in contact with the roof of the mouth, of course the jaws were stopped. The front teeth were six inches apart.

'I instinctively clung to the knife, and as the monster started back he at the same time gave me a start from my miry prison! He raised me all of four inches! In an instant more he threw his mouth open, and as he did so I thrust my arm forward with all my might. The blade was driven into the bone of the bottom of the mouth, and this last movement turned the handle down to the opening of the throat, where it became buried and braced in the tough flesh.

'In his agony he struggled back. He found that he had bitten something that hurt him. He shook and reared his head, but he could not break my hold. No, no—my life lay then in that right hand! Did the fingers relax one grain I should be lost! Up—up—up—I came from the sticky mud, the wounded, suffering monster leaping and working his way back as fast as the nature of his foothold would allow.

'Why—I couldn't realize it! I knew I was coming out—out—out—but it seemed more like a dream than like reality. But at length the alligator got his fore feet upon good foundation, and with one mighty effort he broke from me, and turned towards the water, with the knife still braced in his throat.

'And where was I? I was stretched at full length upon my belly along the [illegible] grass! [illegible] I started. I simply looked over into the water, but saw nothing of my enemies or their canine victim.

'Carefully I picked my way back over the narrow stream, and then struck for home. I was weak and faint, my garments were heavy with mud. But I struggled on. I reached my door-stone just as the last rays of day were disappearing in the West, and night closing in upon the scene.

'I was safe—I was uninjured; but I had lost my dog, and in return I had gained a bit of knowledge which has probably been of much service to me since:—Never make a leap in a strange swamp until you know where you are going to alight.'

In Love or not in Love!

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

'The amount of it is,' said handsome Harry Harvey to his friend Tom Rawlins, at the end of a long and confidential conversation, 'the amount of it is, I'm in a confounded scrape. I've gone a little too far, perhaps, in my attentions; the girl's over head and ears in love with me, and I don't see how I'm to get out of it with honor. I don't like the idea of broken hearts and all this sort of thing—but what is a fellow to do? I've no more thought of marrying than I have of turning preacher. Come, give us your advice about it, old fellow.'

Tom looked at his friend with a merry twinkle in his eye; a significant and mischievous smile played around the corner of his mouth as he replied: 'Nothing easier in life, Harry, than to get out of the 'scrape,' as you call it, if you want to do so.'

'How—how?' asked Harvey, eagerly.

'You say she's handsome, witty, amiable and accomplished?' asked Tom.

'Yes,' said Harvey.

'Well, then,' said Tom, knocking off the ashes from his cigar, 'she's just the wife I want, and I'll take her off your hands.'

'Absurd!' cried Harvey, trying to turn into a pleasant smile the frown which suddenly darkened his face. 'Impossible, Tom!' he continued, amiably, 'it would never do. In the first place, you would not suit each other in the least—there would be no congeniality of disposition, intellect, &c.'

'Is she then so decidedly my inferior?' asked Tom.

'Inferior!' cried Harvey firing up with sudden indignation: 'I don't know the man she is inferior to. She's a beautiful creature, I tell you.'

'Well, where's your objection, then?' said Tom.

'Well, I mean—perhaps I'm not very civil to say so, Tom—but the fact is, though you are the best fellow in the world, you are sometimes a little rough, and she's so sensitive and refined that—that—besides, as I told you, Tom—confound it—as I told you, she's in love with me; there's the rub—there's the rub,' and Harvey rubbed his hands together as if he had hit the idea he had been vainly seeking at last.

'Thank you, Harvey, for your complimentary hints,' said Tom, as he watched the ascending smoke of his cigar; 'but, on the whole, notwithstanding my extreme natural diffidence, I believe I don't take quite so low an estimate of my character as you do. And as regards the being so desperately in love, and all that—I know how much that means. Trust me for managing that. For curing a girl of a fancy for one lover, there's nothing like the appearance of another. Why, if the odds were equal in other respects, the novelty gives the last comer such an incalculable advantage that there is no doubt of his success. Besides, in this case we shall have the advantage of playing into each other's hands. You have only to hold off a little at first to give me a chance. You play cold, while I play warm, and I will bet you a box of cigars that I win the day 'as easy as kissing,' as the ladies say.'

'I think you are entirely mistaken,' said Harvey, in a tone of pique and annoyance.

'Well, shall I try—ay or nay?' asked Tom.

'Oh, certainly, certainly—I should be much obliged, of course,' replied Harvey, whose manner presented the greatest contrast to his air of boastful security at the commencement of the conversation.

That same evening, Tom accompanied Harvey to Miss Northwood's house. He found her all, and more than all, Harvey had described. He was charmed with her grace and beauty.

The conversation after the first preliminary commonplaces fell on works of art and the wonderous galleries of Europe. Tom had been an extensive and intelligent traveler, and was in his element on the subject. He had much of interest to say, and found much pleasure in answering Miss Northwood's discriminating questions. Harvey, who had never traveled, was of necessity silent and thrown quite into the shade.—From this subject the transition was easy and natural to music; and here, too, Tom was at home—in fact, music was his strong point. He was an accomplished musician, with all a musician's enthusiasm for the art. Soon he and Miss Northwood were seated at the piano, singing, humming snatches of airs, comparing tastes and coinciding as enthusiastic lovers of music will.

'Do you know this little air?' asked Tom. 'I learned it at Venice, and it is, I think, exceedingly beautiful. It seems to carry with it a perfume of Italian flowers, and the sound of rippling, moon-lit waters.'

'Fudge!' muttered Harvey from the distant sofa, to where he had retired, from behind the book he was pretending to read.

Then followed the air Tom had referred to, which was sung in the most exquisite taste, with the richest of manly voices.—Miss Northwood greatly admired it, and expressed what she felt.

'Coquette!' sneered Harvey, in an accent of concentrated rage.

But, all unconscious of these muttered comments, the musicians lingered over their music. One favorite air suggested another, and there were scenes to be looked over, and duets to be sung. And Tom had so many anecdotes to tell of such and such musicians and such delightful little histories of how such and such pieces of music came to be written, that time flew on swift and noiseless pinions.

Miss Northwood's eyes occasionally went in search of Harvey, but whenever she addressed a remark to him with a view of drawing him into the conversation, he replied with such unconscious brevity that she was repelled from further advances.

'Well!' cried Tom, as they emerged from the house into the evening, 'pretty good for a beginning, Harvey. So far, so good. I consider the affair in a most hopeful train. Miss Northwood satisfies my expectations, and I flatter myself I made an impression [illegible] Harvey?'

[illegible]

'Your grounds!—you rascal!' burst forth Harvey, in a fit of [illegible] 'I've a great mind to [illegible] your insufferable assurance, you—you puppy! And there, sir, is my card, if you want the satisfaction of a gentleman.'

Tom raised the card Harvey flung at him as he left him, bursting with laughter as he did so.

* * * * * * * *

'Tom, my good fellow,' said Harvey, as he [illegible] Tom's room the next day, with [illegible] on his face—'Tom, I've got something [illegible] to say to you. Wish me joy, my fine fellow! It's all settled. We're to be married this day three months. It's all arranged, and I'm the luckiest dog alive! Why don't you congratulate me, old boy?'

'Because you take my breath away,' said Tom. 'I can't believe you. Why, you told me yesterday you wanted me to take her off your hands—'

'Nonsense!' said Harvey.

'And that you considered yourself in quite a fix,' continued Tom, 'from which I good-humoredly consented to help you.'

'Fudge—nonsense!' cried Harvey, a blush of shame coming into his face.

'And that Miss Northwood, poor thing, was like to die of a broken heart.'

'Come, come, Tom! no more of that an' thou lovest me!' said Harvey. 'The fact is, Tom,—and I may as well own it—a man does not know whether he is in love or not, sometimes, till jealousy or something else opens his eyes for him. But it's all right now.'

'Oh—ay!' said Tom, with affected gravity, 'You may think it's all right; but there is something yet to be settled which may stand in the way of your true love running so very smooth.'

As he spoke he gravely drew forth Harvey's card from his pocket, saying:

'I have ordered coffee and pistols for tomorrow morning, and (who knows?) I may stand a chance for Miss Northwood's hand yet.'

Harvey snatched the card and sent it spinning into the air, as he burst into a merry laugh. Tom joined him heartily.—Their hands met in a cordial grip, as they exclaimed—the one—

'You may thank me, Harvey, for teaching you your own mind.' And the other—

'I understand you, Tom, you're the best friend I ever had. See if I don't prove my gratitude, some of these days, by flirting with the lady you're in love with.'

'You're welcome!' cried Tom—'by the time I'm in love you'll be like the lion, sans teeth and claws—a married man, and no longer dangerous.' E. W. B.

Courage and Cowardice.

John Allday and Joseph Frooth had a quarrel when they went to school together, and some of their more wicked playmates tried hard to 'get up a battle' between them. Allday was ready enough to pull of his jacket, and set to at once, but Frooth would not fight.

Somehow the teacher heard of the affair; so he took Allday to task.

'Tell me, John,' said he, 'why do you want to fight with Frooth?'

'Because, sir,' replied Allday, 'the boys will call me a coward if I refuse.'

'Oh, ho!' said the teacher, and you had rather do wrong than be called a coward: John I am ashamed of you.'

The teacher next questioned Frooth.

'Joseph, what reason have you for not fighting with Allday?'

'I have a good many reasons, sir,' replied Joseph.

'Then let me have them all, that I may judge what they are worth,' pursued the teacher.

'In the first place, sir,' said Frooth, 'if I were to fight Allday, I should hurt him,—I know I should—and I do not want to hurt him.'

'Very good,' said the teacher.

'In the next place, sir, if I did not hurt him, he would be sure to hurt me.'

'No doubt of it,' said the teacher.

'And then again, sir, I would rather be called a coward than do that which I know to be wrong.'

'Very good again,' said the teacher.

'And lastly to fight with one and another is not only against the rules of the school, but also against the ever-to-be-obeyed commandments of our Savior, who has told us to love and forgive one another. The text last Sunday morning was—'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be [illegible] kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'—Eph. iv. 31, 32.'

The teacher commended Joseph Frooth for the prudent answer he had given, and hoped he would always be able to act up to his principles.

'In my opinion,' said he, you have shown more true courage in declining to fight, than you would have done in fighting with Allday, even had you won the victory.'

About a week after the quarrel which had taken place, the cottage of old Margery Jenkins, by some accident or other, took fire. Margery made her escape, and her daughter was absent from home, but an infant grand daughter was sleeping in a little cot up-stairs, while the flames were rising to the stairs. At this time there were present several of the schoolboys, and one of them dashed boldly through the fire and smoke, made his way up the narrow staircase, dropped the child through the window into the arms of a man who stood ready to receive it, and then made his own escape to the ground.

But who was the boy who thus showed his bravery, and saved the life of a child? Was it the brave Allday who was so forward to fight? No, it was Joseph Frooth—he who by many had been called a coward. This kind and daring act of his raised him in the minds of all, and no one any longer called his courage in question.

The following [illegible]

[illegible]

Lord Raglan [illegible] 'A neat thing, that, my man.' 'Yes,' replied the man [illegible] 'but a miss is as good as a mile.'

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to its utmost vigor and maturity, every sort of generous and honest [illegible] to our nature. [illegible]

A FUNNY MARRIAGE.—The [illegible] Journal says that a man of [illegible] named William Trout, was [illegible] days since in that city to a lady of [illegible]ty five. The bridegroom had a family of eleven children [illegible] The sum of $1000 per annum was [illegible] the bridegroom upon the bride, [illegible] per annum upon her [illegible] After the marriage ceremony had been performed, the bridegroom [illegible] to a hotel with some of his male friends, [illegible] the marriage was celebrated with [illegible] &c. [illegible]

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in the best of families, "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The best natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with unction. She had conquered.

EDITORIAL WIT.—[illegible] "Nothing looks worse on [illegible] darned stockings." [illegible] that stockings which need darning [illegible] worse than darned ones.—Ex.

Stockings look bad [illegible] "darned" [illegible]

Gentlemen, you had better attend to your own knitting [illegible] complained of [illegible]

Good advice; [illegible]

[illegible]

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